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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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Falses Issues.

The republicans can not conceal their uneasiness at the unexpected action of their opponents in preferring Mr. Carlisle to Mr. Randall for Speakership. They are relying alarm cries all over the country. Mr. Carlisle, they say, is a free trader, a Southerner and heaven knows what.

When a political party gets to the end of the rope, so to speak—when it has no longer the people's interests at heart, but aims only to retain power for the selfish ends of its leaders—then it resorts to the most intimate methods as the republicans are now using. It was so in 1850 and 1860, when the democrats saw that they were about to be deposed. They had nothing to offer the people; they no longer cared, nor were able to serve the country. Like the republicans now, they wished only to retain power; and as they raised the cry of disunion they called themselves the "Union saviors," and denounced the republicans as "abolitionists," "Union haters" and the traitors of property. The democratic "abolitionist" cry of those days was intended to serve the same end as the republican "free trade" cry now. There is neither truth or sense in this cry, in one case or the other and the only intention was then as now to misrepresent and by misrepresentation to secure timid and stupid voters.

The democrats ought to take courage from the extremity to which the republicans are evidently reduced. They need not ask for better evidence than in the election of Mr. Carlisle they have struck the right track than in furnished them in foolish outcries of the republicans.

It will be the fault of democratic timidity if the republican pretense of a "solid South" against a "solid North" makes the least headway. Such a false issue can not live if the democrats are only attentive to the people's wants and calmly insist on the true issue. What the people of this country want is the repeal of needless taxes, the abolition of surplus revenue, which exists only for the benefit of lobbyists and the breaking down of that Chinese wall of extreme protection built up by the greed and selfishness of a few favored and coddled manufacturing interests, which in the course of years have come to the preposterous belief that the country exists mainly to be taxed and burdened for their benefit.—[N. Y. Herald.]

The Most Kindly and Hearted Man Extant.

"Landlord," said a commercial traveler at a country hotel near Williamsport, "show me a bed."

He was shown. A half hour or more had passed when the guest came down with his candle.

"Landlord, I would prefer another room," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"But I insist on knowing what's the matter, sir."

"Well, if you insist, I'll tell you. The fact is, I'm troubled with cold feet. That bed I was in is full of bugs, and there's nothing mean about me, and I don't like the man that's going to make a gang of poor innocent bedbugs sleep in the same bed with a fellow who has cold feet on a chill October night like this. You may have noticed that I am a rough, blunt, boisterous fellow, but I've not a heart in me. That's all. If you will show me a bed that has no bugs in it I can sleep with a clear conscience, and you can rest with the knowledge that your best crop of bugs has not been killed by the frost."

The landlord gave him another room.—[Williamsport Breakfast.]

Medical men have for some time arrived at the conclusion that consumption is infectious. The matter has been taken up in a very practical way in the German army, in which the disease is stated to be very prevalent. All soldiers suffering from it are isolated, and to prevent any possible infection, no account are they to be allowed to associate with patients suffering from pneumonia or acute bronchitis, while special means are to be taken for the disinfection of the spots in infectious cases.

—The total value of the forest product of the United States for the census year is estimated at \$700,000,000; in other words, the forest products exceed the value of our crops of hay, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, and tobacco taken together. They amount to ten times the value of the gold and silver of which we make so much account, and to more than three times the value of the precious metals and coal and other minerals combined.

—There is a case in the Cincinnati courts which has been pending sixty years. The contest is over the personal property of John H. Platt, who died in 1821.

—There are now completed in Kentucky nearly 2,000 miles of railroads. The increase in the last two or three years has been over 600 miles.

—Louis Anderson was found alive at La-crosse, Wis., under a hay-stack which had fallen on him twenty-three days before.

Mourning Costumes in Bad Taste.

Grief for the loss of the dead is a sacred thing, something to be kept in one's own heart, and not paraded up and down for comment of every chance passer by. How can any woman with refined sensibilities, genuine love for the dead and respect for herself, advertise the fact that a dear one is gone out of her life, make it known wherever she goes by her dress and her long crape veil, and proclaim the message whenever she writes by her black-margined stationery?

Mourning garb is insisted upon more strenuously than any other of the merely conventional practices of life. It has the least to say in its favor, and is in the worst taste of all those conventional demands. Could anything be more repulsive to a refined taste, one not blunted and vitiated by long subservience to the laws of custom, than this thing of proclaiming by one's dress, wherever one goes, up and down the street, in church, in store, in public meetings, "Some one I love is dead"? We do not refer to the ultra-fashionable methods of measuring intensity of grief by richness of mourning apparel, and marking each stage in the ebbing tide of tears by its appropriate mourning emblem. That is too disgusting for even ridicule.

But we do not mean the common practice, the most universally followed, of crape veils and sombre attire among women, and crape hat bands and crape folds on the sleeve, or worn by men, and all the rest of the common devices which custom says must be brought out at the death of a friend or associate. A beloved wife dies. The husband proceeds to inform every one he meets, friend, enemy, stranger, on the street, in the cars, at the hotel, wherever he goes, by the crape band on his hat, that he is in grief, and that he has met with a loss. He might just as sensibly cut out his wife's obituary and paste it on the crown of his hat. And the same is true of the wife mourning for her husband. For the primary idea of wearing mourning seems to be to make a proclamation of one's private grief and sorrow—one of the most sacred things in all the world, and the one of all to be kept most sacredly private, and not intruded upon the world and flaunted before it.

Surviving a Severed Throat.

In 1877 Louis C. Londeuski was crossing the mountains in Roumania when his party was attacked by robbers. All had their throats cut but Londeuski had only his windpipe severed, his jugular vein being unharmed. As he showed signs of life he was hanged, yet the rope did not strangle him, as he still breathed through the aperture. After a time he was discovered and cut down, when he was removed to Vienna, where Professor Hentze effected what is almost a cure. From Vienna he traveled about the world, exhibiting himself at different medical colleges.

He is at present in Buffalo, N. Y., and Dr. H. H. Warren, after a careful examination, describes his wound as follows:

"An incision was made across the throat from the lower side of both jugular veins, which extends to the carotid artery, severing the trachea, or bronchial tube. Through the orifice can be seen the vocal cords, larynx, and diverging tubes. Londeuski, at his pleasure can show the action of the glottis in respiration—something never before beheld by surgeons in a living subject. He breathes through a tube three-eighths of an inch in diameter, which curves downward. He lives mainly on liquid food, being unable to digest gross food. He smokes considerably, having been advised to do so by Professor Hentze, exhaling the smoke through the hole in his neck, which is just below the Adam's apple, and in which is a tube that he closes when he wants to speak. The glottis, through disease, has almost closed up."

TO GET RID OF THE SURPLUS.—Before President Arthur gets his new scheme of a new navy under way wouldn't it be well for him to explain what has become of the \$384,000,000 the country has squandered upon its navy during the twenty years his party has had absolute control of it? There is nothing to show for all this expenditure but 2,000 idle officers and a handful of rotten ships that can not go to sea.—[Chicago Herald.]

Justice Duffy, of New York, is a marked man, and when woman suffrage becomes general he will be the first individual to be retired to the obscurity of private life. Hear what he has said: "Some people say mothers-in-law are abused class, but since I have been on the bench I have had before me over one thousand cases of abandonment, and in almost every instance the forsaken relative made all the trouble."

One Mormon superstition is that children, when ill, may be cured by the laying on of hands. More than 5,000 of the little ones are said to have died in the last twenty-five years who might have been saved by medicine. The laying on of hands is of no benefit to a child except when he talks back to the old man.—[Chicago Herald.]

Faded black clothes may be restored by the following process: Thoroughly brush the dust from the clothes, then take a tablespoonful each of alcohol and ammonia, pour a pint of boiling water on it and cover closely. When cool enough to bear the hand in take a clean sponge and sponge the clothes well, after which sponge them in clear, hot water and hang up to dry.

Pack's Bad Boy.

When a man gets ill and thinks he knows it all there's no use trying to argue with him; and so I unbuttoned my skates and pulled them off and he put them on. Well, he wobbled around for a few minutes like a feller that has been drinking gin and held on to things till he thought he had got his bearings, when he struck out for the back end of the basement. As he came along by the furnace one leg began to go over towards the neighbors and he grabbed hold of the corner of the furnace, swung around behind it, out of sight, and we heard an earthquake and something snapped like a steel trap and he yelled "By crissum" and came down after some sawdust for breakfast and she saw he and she said "Merciful goodness" and by that time me and my chom had got there. Well, you'd a dide to see pa. He had come down like a ton of coal right on that steel trap and he had sprung and caught a whole mouthful of pa's pants and about a pound and a half or two pounds of meat, and pa was grilling his teeth and trying to stand it. O, it was the most ridiculous position I ever see pa into and he got mad and told me to unspring the trap. Pa turned him over and me and my chom tried our best to open the trap, but it was one of those traps with a strong spring, and we couldn't. Pa was the only one that could unspring the trap, and he couldn't go around behind himself to get at it; so I told him I would go after a doctor, but he said this was a case where a doctor was no good and he wanted a plumber or a blacksmith. Pa wanted to go in the parlor to sit on the sofa while I was gone for the plumber, but the trap was chained to the furnace and we couldn't get it loose, so pa had to lay there on the cement floor till the plumber came. The plumber laughed at pa and said he had done all kinds of plumbing before, but he had never had a call like this one. Well, he got pa out, and I don't suppose there is a madder man in this town than pa; but there was nobody to blame but himself. Say, do you know how I can be blamed about it?

Phil Thompson's District.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Dec. 11.—Ex-Gov. Jas. B. McCreary, of Richmond, passed down on Sunday night's train on his way to the Shelby County Court. He is an avowed and full-fledged candidate for Congress and is cutting his cards for all they are worth to succeed Phil Thompson. Mr. Thompson, in a letter to a friend in this city, received a few days since, said that he would certainly be a candidate for re-election. His will, of course, make the greatest effort of his life and people know what that means, coming from the Thompson clan. Jack Chinn, Thompson's tried and handsome henchman, drawn a beard with his bold black eye, and remarks that his string of records, including Leonatus, and his \$50,000 Bluegrass farm, are at "Little Phil's" beck and call, and "Jack" means it. Sautley, of Lincoln; Durham, of Boyle; Burdett (Sam M.), of Garrard, and Morris, of Shelby, will all probably come in for a dash at the cap and make it a whip race. Whether Thompson is re-nominated or not he will carry a certain positive and controllable strength into the convention which he would lead on some candidate's eyebrow in the event of his being shut out, and thus naming his successor.—[Louisville Commercial.]

The following is Artemus Ward's description of why he courted Betsy Jane: "There were many afeelin' ties which made me kinder after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm lined ours; their cows and sheep squelched their thirst at the same spring; our mares both had ears on their foreheads; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meadow's home, and the neighbors used to observe: 'How thick the Wards and Peaseleys sit.' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up, so that they couldn't sit 'em affectionately hilly'n' soap together and absorb their neighbors."

A WIDE MARGIN.—A Michigan girl told her young man that she would never marry him until he was worth \$10,000. So he started out with a brave heart to make it. "How are you getting on, George?" she asked at the expiration of a couple of months. "Well," George said, hopefully, "I have saved \$22." The girl dropped her eyelashes and blushing remarked: "I reckon that's near enough, George."

The bird and the rabbit live in big glory. It is amusing to see notices in our neighboring State papers like this: "Mr. So and So has just returned from a pleasant hunt in Fleming county. He bagged 479 birds and 723 rabbits." At the same time we probably know that Mr. So and So had killed seven rabbits, four snow birds and one quail.—[Flamingsburg Times-Democrat.]

A wealthy young man of Natick, Mass., while much the worse for drink, hired a horse. He fell asleep in the vehicle while the stableman was harnessing the horse and they let him sleep in the stable. When he awoke he said he had used the quadruped wall and fed him at Newton Lower Falls. He paid \$3 for his drive and went off satisfied.

It is stated that "the bread of repentance" we sometimes eat in old age, is made from the wild oats we have sowed earlier in life."

Advertising Judicial Sales.

"The law requiring Sheriff's and Commissioners' sales to be advertised in some paper published in this county has been found to work well. The best interests of the poor debtor have been protected."—[Owingsville Outlook.]

The law to which the Outlook refers is a local law—that is, it does not apply to any other county in the State.

It is one of the unaccountable things that in Kentucky no provision has been made by law for properly advertising valuable real estate offered for sale by Sheriff and Commissioners. The law requires nothing more than a few written or printed notices—usually part printed and part written—to be stuck up at certain points. They are obscure, and attract very little attention.

The law is absurd. It is manifestly to the interest of all concerned—more especially the debtor—that the property should bring at least its fair value. That can only be secured by adequate notice; and that notice can best be given by publication of the sale in a newspaper.

The Kentucky law regulating Sheriff's and Commissioners' sales may have answered the purpose fifty years ago. It is long out of date. Now everybody looks to the newspapers for all such information.

The law as it stands is in the interest of land speculators. The more limited the notice of the sale the better for them.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

Captain Tom Henry.

P. W. Hardin, Attorney General of Kentucky—with excellent opportunities of gaining knowledge—"knows nothing of the life and habits of Capt. Tom Henry."

The Mayville Eagle knows all about him. It says: "He was known by his friends to have been of desolute and debauched habits nearly all his life, drunken, indecent in conversation and in conduct, the familiar associate of blackguards, gamblers and lewd women—the racy retailer of obscene anecdotes, a regular 'brick among the boys.' He had, under the most solemn vows of reform and of outward decency, been elected to the Legislature, to one of the clerkships of his county and to an Assistant Clerkship of the House of Representatives of Congress. He had in every instance violated these pledges as soon as the office had been secured, betrayed the confidence of those who trusted him and made of himself a public and shameful spectacle."—[Covington Commonwealth.]

PLEASANT DOMESTIC PICTURE.—A half breed with three aquinas, all heavily laden with skins, complacently permitted his oldest squaw to go ahead and test the ice as he was about to cross the Missouri near Mandan. She broke through repeatedly and had to extricate herself as best she could, the noble son of the forest coolly smoking his pipe in the meantime, and awaiting the discovery of a safe crossing for himself and his young squaw.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

—A party of four drunken men visited Fields' still-house, on the Cumberland River, where they fell to fighting. W. H. Fields, having ordered them to leave, which they refused to do, drew his pistol and shot all four of them. Matthew Knight was killed instantly. Jesse Sargent died within a few hours, and Major Day and John Jenkins can not live. Fields escaped.

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Every boy of The Sun during the last year was spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

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